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ENFORCEMENT OF GENTLENESS.

Duke. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orlando. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;

I thought that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But, whate'er you are,

That, in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Loss and neglect the creeping hours of time:

If ever you have looked on better days:

If ever been where bells have knolled to church;

If ever sat at any good man's feast;

If ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied:

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

As You Like It.

SHAKESPEARE here touches upon a principle which was announced in a very remarkable manner to mankind about one thousand six hundred years earlier, and which mankind have ever since paid a great theoretical respect to, but without ever making any thing like a hearty or general attempt to act upon it. To return good for evil—by soft words to turn away wrath—to charm our fellow-creatures out of violence into gentleness, by our own example—such are the leading features of this principle, the moral loveliness of which is acknowledged by all men—and yet all at the same time presume that, from defects in human character, it is not a doctrine capable of being realised in practice. We do, indeed, see the principle of force so universal throughout the world, that it is difficult to imagine how the frame of society could be kept together if the common motives of interest, praise, and terror, were to be given up. And yet the authority which sets forth the superior power of gentleness is the highest acknowledged by enlightened man; and he almost every day sees before his face, in his domestic and social existence, circumstances in which that power is practically shown in a more or less striking light. Moreover, is it quite rational to conceive that the race is capable of embracing and delighting in the principle of good will, and yet incapable of acting on it? Is not the same mental emotion which shows the truth and beauty of the doctrine, fit, under favourable circumstances, to lead men to make it a practical rule of life? Without stopping to agitate this question at present, we shall arrange a few rather remarkable exemplifications of the efficacy of the principle of gentleness, which have lately fallen under our attention.

Some of these examples are found in a place where we might have least expected them—a late extraordinary publication entitled "Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in 1798." This man, securing respect even as the chief of a rebel force, in consequence of the natural goodness that was in him, was spared by a vindictive government, and transported to New South Wales. In that colony he was employed as overseer on the property of a Mr Cox, where he had under his charge forty-five convicts and twenty-five freemen. "It required all my energies," he says, "to keep them in proper order. My freemen I always employed by the piece, &c. As to the convicts, there was a certain quantity of work, which by the government regulations they must do in a given time, and this may be given to them by the day, week, or month, as you pleased, and they must be paid a certain price for all the work they did beyond a certain quantity. If they were idle, and did not do the regulated quantity of work, it was only necessary to take them before a magistrate, and he would order them twenty-five lashes

of the cat on their backs, for the first offence, fifty for the second, and so on; and if that would not do, they were at last put into a gaol gang, and made to work in irons from morning till night.

In order to keep them honest, I paid them fully and fairly for every thing they did beyond their stipulated task, at the same time I paid the freemen; and if I thought the rations not sufficient for their comfortable support, I issued to each man six pounds of wheat, fourteen of potatoes, and one of pork, in addition. By this means the men were well fed, for the old saying is true, 'Hunger will break through stone walls,' and it is all nonsense to make laws for starving men. When any article was stolen from me, I instantly paraded all hands, and told them that, if it was not restored in a given time, I would stop all extra allowances and indulgences; 'the thief,' said I, 'is a disgrace to the establishment, and all employed in it; let the honest men find him out, and punish him among yourselves; do not let it be said that the flogger ever polluted this place by his presence. You all know the advantages you enjoy above gangs on any other estate in the colony; do not then throw them away. Do not let me know who the thief is, but punish him by your own verdict.' I then dismissed them.

The transports would say among themselves, that what I had told them was all right. 'We won't,' they would reason, 'be punished because there happens to be an ungrateful thief among us.' They then called a jury, and entered into an investigation, and on all occasions succeeded in detecting and punishing the offender. I was by this line of conduct secure from plunder; and the disgusting operation of flogging a man alive, with a cat-o-nine-tails, did not disgrace the farms under my superintendence. Mr Cox said one day to me, 'Pray, Joseph, how is it that you never have to bring your men to punishment? You have more under you than I believe any man in the colony, and to the surprise of all, you have never had one flogged, or indeed have made a complaint against one; they look well, and appear contented, and even happy.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I have studied human nature more than books. I had the management of many more men in my own country, and I was always rigidly just to them. I never oppressed them, or suffered them to cheat their employers or each other. They knew, if they did their duty, they would be well treated, and if not, sent to the right about. I follow the same course with the men here. * * I should think myself very ill qualified to act as your overseer, were I to have a man or two flogged every week. Besides the horrible inhumanity of the practice, the loss of a man's week or fortnight's work will not be a trifle in a year, at twelve and sixpence per week; for a man who gets the cat is incapable of work till his back is well; so, in prudence, as well as in Christian charity, it is best to treat our fellow-creatures like men, although they be degraded to the state of convict slaves.' * * *

Mr Holt also gives the following account of Colonel Collins, governor of the settlement at the Derwent River in Van Diemen's Land from 1804 till his death in 1810:—"This gentleman had the good will, the good wishes, and the good word, of every one in the settlement. His conduct was exemplary, and his disposition most humane. His treatment of the runaway convicts was conciliatory, and even kind. He would go into the forests, among the natives, to allow these poor creatures, the runaways, an opportunity of returning to their former condition; and, half dead with cold and hunger, they would come and drop on their knees before him, imploring pardon for their behaviour.

'Well,' he would say to them, 'now that you have lived in the bush, do you think the change you made was for the better? Are you sorry for what you have done?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And will you promise never to go away again?' 'Never, sir.' 'Go to the store-keeper, then,' the benevolent Collins would say, 'and get a suit of slops and your week's ration, and then go to the overseer and attend to your work. I give you my pardon; but re-

member, that I expect you will keep your promise to me.'

I never heard of any other governor or commandant acting in this manner, nor did I ever witness much leniency from any governor. I have, however, been assured that there was less crime, and much fewer faults committed among the people under Governor Collins, than in any other settlement, which I think is a clear proof that mercy and humanity are the best policy."

Miss Martineau, in her works on America, gives several delightful illustrations of this principle, which almost sound like oddities. She speaks of a Tunker, a kind of Baptist, whom she found in the enjoyment of considerable wealth, on a farm settlement near Michigan city. "He had gone through life on the non-resistance principle; and it was animating to learn how well it had served him—as every high exercise of faith does serve every one who has strength and simplicity of heart to commit himself to it. It was animating to learn, not only his own consistency, but the force of his moral power over others; how the careless had been won to thoughtfulness of his interests, and the criminal to respect of his rights. He seemed to have unconsciously secured the promise and the fruit of the life that now is, more effectually than many who think less of that which is to come. It was done, he said, by always supposing that the good was in men." In her notice of the relation between mistresses and servants in America, Miss Martineau states that much of what English people have to complain of in that country, in respect of servants, arises from their imperious and exacting habits, irreconcilable as these are with the natural rights of their fellow-creatures. Where servants are treated upon a principle of justice and kindness, they live on agreeable terms with their employers, often for many years.† But even slaves may be made more useful as well as more agreeable companions, when treated in such a way as to call forth their better feelings. "A kind-hearted gentleman in the south, finding that the laws of his state precluded his teaching his legacy of slaves according to the usual methods of education, bethought himself at length of the moral training of task-work. It succeeded admirably. His negroes soon began to work as slaves are never, under any other arrangement, seen to work. Their day's task was finished by eleven o'clock. Next, they began to care for one another: the strong began to help the weak:—first, husbands helped their wives; then parents helped their children; and at length the young began to help the old. Here was seen the awakening of natural affections which had lain in a dark sleep."‡

"The vigour," says Miss Martineau elsewhere, "which negroes show when their destiny is fairly placed in their own hands, is an answer to all arguments about their helplessness drawn from their dullness in a state of bondage. A highly satisfactory experiment upon the will, judgment, and talents of a large body of slaves, was made, a few years ago, by a relative of Chief Justice Marshall. This gentleman and his family had attached their negroes to them by a long course of judicious kindness. At length an estate at some distance was left to the gentleman, and he saw, with much regret, that it was his duty to leave the plantation on which he was living. He could not bear the idea of turning over his people to the tender mercies or unproved judgment of a stranger overseer. He called his negroes together, told them the case, and asked whether they thought they could manage the estate themselves. If they were willing to undertake the task, they must choose an overseer from among themselves, provide comfortably for their own wants, and remit him the surplus of the profits. The negroes were full of grief at

* Edited, in two volumes, from the MS. of Holt, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. London, Colburn, 1838.

† Society in America, t. 333. ‡ Ibid. iii. 136. § Ibid. ii. 127.

losing the family, but willing to try what they could do. They had an election for overseer, and chose the man their master would have pointed out; decidedly the strongest head on the estate. All being arranged, the master left them, with a parting charge to keep their festivals and take their appointed holidays, as if he were present. After some time, he rode over to see how all went on, choosing a festival-day, that he might meet them in their holiday gaiety. He was surprised, on approaching, to hear no merriment; and on entering his fields, he found his 'force' all hard at work. As they flocked round him, he inquired why they were not making holiday. They told him that the crop would suffer in its present state by the loss of a day; and that they had therefore put off their holiday, which, however, they meant to take by and bye. Not many days after, an express arrived to inform the proprietor that there was an insurrection on his estate. He would not believe it; declared it impossible, as there was nobody to rise against; but the messenger, who had been sent by the neighbouring gentlemen, was so confident of the facts, that the master galloped, with the utmost speed, to his plantation, arriving as night was coming on. As he rode in, a cry of joy arose from his negroes, who pressed round to shake hands with him. They were in their holiday clothes, and had been singing and dancing; they were only enjoying the deferred festival. The neighbours, hearing the noise on a quiet working-day, had jumped to the conclusion that it was an insurrection.

There is no catastrophe yet to this story. When the proprietor related it, he said that no trouble had arisen; and that for some seasons, ever since this estate had been wholly in the hands of his negroes, it had been more productive than it ever was while he managed it himself."

It is particularly striking to find the principle thus exemplified in dealings with convicts and slaves, for, if there successful, it has surely a chance of being still more so amongst classes less degraded. But there is still a more apparently hopeless set of beings, upon whom the genial beams of the sun of kindness have wrought a regenerating effect: This is the class of extremely depraved criminals—men whom it is customary to treat with coercion and every kind of bitterness, with a view to subdue and frighten, if not to improve them, and who in general show the natural fruits of that species of treatment in deeper and deeper criminality. In the Weatherfield prison in the United States, a Captain Pillsbury has tried a soothing and benevolent system with this class of men; and the effects are thus spoken of by Miss Martineau:—"His moral power over the guilty is so remarkable, that prison-breakers who can be confined nowhere else, are sent to him to be charmed into staying their term out. I was told of his treatment of two such. One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper in crime for seventeen years. Captain Pillsbury told him when he came, that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. "It will be best," said he, "that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement, but we never use it; and I should be very sorry ever to have to turn the key upon any body in it. You may range the place as freely as I do, if you will trust me as I shall trust you." The man was sulky, and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Captain Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length information was given to the captain of this man's intention to break prison. The captain called him, and taxed him with it: the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it was now necessary for him to be locked up in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the captain, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand and the key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the captain (who is a small, slight man) turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. "Now," said he, "I ask you whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done every thing I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me..." The man burst into tears. "Sir," said he, "I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man." "Come, let us go back," said the captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this hour he began to open his heart to the captain, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment; confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and all facilities for doing so which he imagined he saw.

The other case was of a criminal of the same character, who went so far as to make the actual attempt to escape. He fell, and hurt his ankle very much. The captain had him brought in and laid on his bed, and the ankle attended to; every one being forbidden to speak a word of reproach to the sufferer. The man was sullen, and would not say whether the bandaging of his ankle gave him pain or not. This was in the night; and every one returned to bed when all was done. But the captain could not sleep. He was distressed at the attempt, and thought he could not have fully done his duty by any man who would make it. He was afraid the man was in great pain. He rose, threw on his gown, and went to the cell. The prisoner's face was turned to the wall, and his eyes were closed; but the traces of suffering were not to be mistaken. The captain loosened and replaced the bandage, and went for his own pillow to rest the limb upon; the man neither speaking nor moving all the time. Just when he was shutting the door, the prisoner started

up and called him back. "Stop, sir. Won't it all to see after my ankle that you have got up?"

"Yes, it was. I could not sleep for thinking of you." "And you have never said a word of the way I have used you."

"I do feel hurt with you; but I don't want to call you unkind while you are suffering, as I am sure you are now."

The man was in an agony of shame and grief. All he asked was to be trusted again, when he should have recovered. He was freely trusted, and gave his generous friend no more anxiety on his behalf.

Captain Pillsbury is the gentleman who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him speedily, sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him to shave him. The prisoner's hand trembled, but he went through it very well. When he had done, the captain said, "I have been told you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you." "God bless you, sir, you may," replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man!"

There is still another class of beings, usually reckoned low in the moral scale, upon whom a mild treatment has been found to be of better effect than a harsh one—the natives of what are called savage countries. Civilised settlers in such countries have always, till a recent period, proceeded upon the principle that a system of armed offence and defence was the only one that could be maintained with natives; and the consequences have invariably been, great bloodshed on both sides, and a slow progress in colonisation. Such a system was no doubt unavoidable, as long as the superior race was pleased to look upon the natives as a set of beings without rights, and without natural feelings. They have invariably robbed, insulted, and enslaved the aborigines, and have reaped the natural fruits of a system of violence and injustice. The late Mr Thomas Pringle, as fine a spirit as ever glowed in behalf of injured humanity, in his work entitled "African Sketches," forcibly points out the evil effects which have hitherto attended the violent system in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and expresses his firm conviction, founded on many years of experience and observation on the spot, that justice and mild treatment are the talismans which are to open the African continent to British enterprise.*

We present these views and their appropriate illustrations with hesitation and timidity, for, to confess the truth, it appears, after all we have known of mankind, as if it were too good news to be true, that they could live and deal with each other on principles of pure justice and benevolence. But if there is any such system in store for man as was preached so many centuries ago in Galilee, and seems to be revealed in very action in these cases, how wonderfully glorious a prospect does it open up to us! One reflection may be adduced as calculated to keep up our hopes of so beautiful a consummation. The present is but a fallacious argument of the future. Who, so lately as the beginning of the reign of George III., could have believed it possible, considering the prevailing sentiments of mankind, that any steps should ever be taken to put an end to negro slavery? The Edinburgh Review, about the year 1800, draws an argument against all prospect of the improvement of the race, from the long-continued war, and the absence of all likelihood of its speedy conclusion; yet five years saw the conclusion of the war, and the commencement of an era of social improvement altogether unexampled in our history. Let us cherish, then, the pleasing hope that possibly man may yet know better means of making himself happy on earth than by rendering his fellow-men miserable. It may be a delusion, but it is a pleasing one to a generous spirit; and the hope of the general result cannot fail to be an incentive to those specific actings which must, after all, in combination, be what is to work out the principle, if it is ever to be wrought out at all. We conclude with an eloquent assertion of the principle from the pen of one who has said many kind things of his fellow-creatures.

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of power;
Of the old kings with high enacting looks,
Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks;
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,
Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,
All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;
Then of cathedral with its priestly height,
Seen from below at superstitious night;
Of ghastly castle that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone seas;
And of all sunless subterranean deeps;
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
Avarice; and then of those old earthy cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones;
And those stone-hooped Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens under precipitous shores;

* African Sketches, 473-480.

And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by,
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous seed—
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men,
And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den,
Brute force, and fury; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh lay
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
And all which lights the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes—the horsed war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.

I've thought of all this pride and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
That Power itself has not one-half the might
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all time-wealth;
The uneasy madman's force to the wise health;
Blind downward beaking, to the eyes that see;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strained upon, or else they rise;
The battle to the moon, who all the while
High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
The tempest, trampling in his county run,
To the whole globe that basks about the sun;
Or as all shrieks and change, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight eary,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace beyond what'er was
spoken."

FORTUNES OF A COUNTRY GIRL, A STORY.

ONE day, I will not say how many years ago—for I intend to be very mysterious for a time with my readers—a young woman stepped from a country waggon that had just arrived at the yard gate of the famous Chelsea inn, the Goat and Compasses, a name formed by corrupting time out of the pious original, "God encompasseth us." The young woman seemed about the age of eighteen, and was decently dressed, though in the very plainest rustic fashion of the times. She was well formed and well looking, both form and looks giving indications of the ruddy health consequent upon exposure to sun and air in the country. After stepping from the waggon, which the driver immediately led into the court-yard, the girl stood for a moment in apparent uncertainty whither to go, when the mistress of the inn, who had come to the door, observed her hesitation, and asked her to enter and take a rest. The young woman readily obeyed the invitation, and soon, by the kindness of the landlady, found herself by the fireside of a nicely sanded parlour, with wherewithal before her to refresh herself after her long and tedious journey.

"And so, my poor girl," said the landlady, after having heard, in return for her kindness, the whole particulars of the young woman's situation and history, "so thou hast come all this way to seek service, and hast no friend but John Hodge, the waggoner? Truly, he is like to give thee but small help, wench, towards getting a place." "Is service, then, difficult to be had?" asked the young woman, sadly. "Ay, marry, good situations, at least, are somewhat hard to find. But have a good heart, child," said the landlady, and, as she continued, she looked round her with an air of pride and dignity; "thou see'st what I have come to, myself; and I left the country a young thing, just like thyself, with as little to look to. But 'tisn't every one, for certain, that must look for such a fortune, and, in any case, it must first be wrought for. I showed myself a good servant, before my poor old Jacob, heaven rest his soul, made me mistress of the Goat and Compasses. So mind thee, girl—" The landlady's speech might have gone on a long way, for the dame loved well the sound of her own tongue, but for the interruption occasioned by the entrance of a gentleman, whom the landlady rose and welcomed heartily. "Ha! dame," said the new comer, who was a stout respectfully attired person of middle age, "how sells the good ale? Scarcely a drop left in thy cellars, I hope?" "Enough left to give your worship a draught after your long walk," said the landlady, as she rose to fulfil the promise implied in her words. "I walked not," was the gentleman's return, "but took a pair of oars, dame, down the river. Thou know'st I always come to Chelsea myself to see if thou lackest any thing." "Ay, sir," replied the landlady, "and it is by that way of doing business that you have made yourself, as all the city says, the richest man in the Brewers' Corporation, if not

* Poetical works of Leigh Hunt, 172. London, Moxon, 1822.

in all London itself." "Well, dame, the better for me if it is so," said the brewer, with a smile; "but let us have thy mug, and this quiet pretty friend of thine shall pleasure us, mayhap, by tasting with us."

The landlady was not long in producing a stoup of ale, knowing that her visitor never set an example hurtful to his own interests by countenancing the consumption of foreign spirits. "Right, hostess," said the brewer, when he had tasted it, "well made and well kept, and that is giving both thee and me our dues. Now, pretty one," said he, filling one of the measures or glasses which had been placed beside the stoup, "wilt thou drink this to thy sweetheart's health?" The poor country girl to whom this was addressed declined the proffer civilly, and with a blush; but the landlady exclaimed, "Come, silly wench, drink his worship's health; he is more likely to do thee a service, if it so please him, than John waggoner. The girl has come many a mile," continued the hostess, "to seek a place in town, that she may burden her family no more at home." "To seek service!" exclaimed the brewer; "why, then, it is perhaps well met with us. Has she brought a character with her, or can you speak for her, dame?" "She has never yet been from home, sir, but her face is her character," said the kind-hearted landlady; "I warrant me she will be a diligent and trusty one." "Upon thy prophecy, hostess, will I take her into my own service; for but yesterday was my housekeeper complaining of the want of help, since this deputyship brought me more into the way of entertaining the people of the ward."

Ere the wealthy brewer and deputy left the Goat and Compasses, arrangements were made for sending the country girl to his house in the city on the following day. Proud of having done a kind action, the garrulous hostess took advantage of the circumstance to deliver an immensely long harangue to the young woman on her new duties, and on the dangers to which youth is exposed in large cities. The girl heard her benefactor with modest thankfulness, but a more minute observer than the good landlady might have seen in the eye and countenance of the girl a quiet firmness of expression, such as might have induced the cutting short of the lecture. However, the landlady's lecture did end, and towards the evening of the day following her arrival at the Goat and Compasses, the youthful rustic found herself installed as housemaid in the dwelling of the rich brewer.

The fortunes of this girl it is our purpose to follow. The first change in her condition which took place subsequent to that related, was her elevation to the vacated post of housekeeper in the brewer's family. In this situation she was brought more than formerly into contact with her master, who found ample grounds for admiring her propriety of conduct, as well as her skilful economy of management. By degrees he began to find her presence necessary to his happiness; and being a man both of honourable and independent mind, he at length offered her his hand. It was accepted; and she, who but four or five years before had left her country home barefooted, became the wife of one of the richest citizens of London.

For many years, Mr Aylesbury, for such was the name of the brewer, and his wife, lived in happiness and comfort together. He was a man of good family and connections, and consequently of higher breeding than his wife could boast of, but on no occasion had he ever to blush for the partner whom he had chosen. Her calm, inborn strength, if not dignity, of character, conjoined with an extreme quickness of perception, made her fill her place at her husband's table with as much grace and credit as if she had been born to the station. And, as time ran on, the respectability of Mr Aylesbury's position received a gradual increase. He became an alderman, and, subsequently, a sheriff of the city, and in consequence of the latter elevation, was knighted. Afterwards—and now a part of the mystery projected at the commencement of this story, must be broken in upon, in as far as time is concerned—afterwards, the important place which the wealthy brewer filled in the city, called down upon him the attention and favour of the king, Charles I., then anxious to conciliate the good-will of the citizens, and the city knight received the farther honour of a baronetcy.

Lady Aylesbury, in the first years of her married life, gave birth to a daughter, who proved an only child, and around whom, as was natural, all the hopes and wishes of the parents entwined themselves. This daughter had only reached the age of seventeen when

her father died, leaving an immense fortune behind him. It was at first thought that the widow and her daughter would become inheritors of this without the shadow of a dispute. But it proved otherwise. Certain relatives of the deceased brewer set up a plea upon the foundation of a will made in their favour before the deceased had become married. With her wonted firmness, Lady Aylesbury immediately took steps for the vindication of her own and her child's rights. A young lawyer, who had been a frequent guest at her husband's table, and of whose abilities she had formed a high opinion, was the person whom she fixed upon as the legal assessor of her cause. Edward Hyde was, indeed, a youth of great ability. Though only twenty-four years of age at the period referred to, and though he had spent much of his youthful time in the society of the gay and fashionable of the day, he had not neglected the pursuits to which his family's wish, as well as his own tastes, had devoted him. But it was with considerable hesitation, and with a feeling of anxious diffidence, that he consented to undertake the charge of Lady Aylesbury's case; for certain strong, though unseen and unacknowledged sensations, were at work in his bosom, to make him fearful of the responsibility, and anxious about the result.

The young lawyer, however, became counsel for the brewer's widow and daughter, and, by a striking exertion of eloquence, and display of legal ability, gained their suit. Two days afterwards, the successful pleader was seated beside his two clients. Lady Aylesbury's usual manner was quiet and composed, but she now spoke warmly of her gratitude to the preserver of her daughter from want, and also tendered a fee—a payment munificent, indeed, for the occasion. The young barrister did not seem at ease during Lady Aylesbury's expression of her feelings. He shifted upon his chair, changed colour, looked to Miss Aylesbury, played with the purse before him, tried to speak, but stopped short, and changed colour again. Thinking only of best expressing her own gratitude, Lady Aylesbury appeared not to observe her visitor's confusion, but rose, saying, "In token that I hold your services above compensation in the way of money, I wish also to give you a memorial of my gratitude in another shape." As she spoke thus, she drew a bunch of keys from the pocket which every lady carried in those days, and left the room.

What passed during her absence between the parties whom she left together, will be best shown by the result. When Lady Aylesbury returned, she found her daughter standing with averted eyes, but with her hand in that of Edward Hyde, who knelt on the mother's entrance, and besought her consent to their union. Explanations of the feelings which the parties entertained for each other, ensued, and Lady Aylesbury was not long in giving the desired consent. "Give me leave, however," said she to the lover, "to place around your neck the memorial which I intended for you. The chain—it was a superb gold one—" was a token of gratitude, from the ward in which he lived, to my dear husband." Lady Aylesbury's calm serious eyes were filled with tears as she threw the chain round Edward's neck, saying, "These links were borne on the neck of a worthy and an honoured man. May thou, my beloved son, attain to still higher honours."

The wish was fulfilled, though not until danger and suffering had tried severely the parties concerned. The son-in-law of Lady Aylesbury became an eminent member of the English bar, and also an important speaker in parliament. When Oliver Cromwell brought the king to the scaffold, and established the Commonwealth, Sir Edward Hyde—for he had held a government post, and had been knighted—was too prominent a member of the royalist party to escape the enmity of the new rulers, and was obliged to reside upon the continent till the Restoration. While abroad, he was so much esteemed by the exiled prince (afterwards Charles II.) as to be appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, which appointment was confirmed when the king was restored to his throne. Some years afterwards, Hyde was elevated to the peerage, first in the rank of a baron, and subsequently as Earl of Clarendon, a title which he made famous in English history.

These events, so briefly narrated, occupied a large space of time, during which Lady Aylesbury passed her days in quiet and retirement. She had now the gratification of beholding her daughter Countess of Clarendon, and of seeing the grandchildren who had been born to her, mingling as equals with the noblest in the land. But a still more exalted fate awaited the descendants of the poor friendless girl who had come to London, in search of service, in a waggoner's van. Her granddaughter, Anne Hyde, a young lady of spirit, wit, and beauty, had been appointed, while her family staid abroad, one of the maids of honour to the Princess of Orange, and in that situation had attracted so strongly the regards of James, Duke of York, and brother of Charles II., that he contracted a private marriage with her. The birth of a child forced on a public announcement of this contract, and ere long the granddaughter of Lady Aylesbury was openly received by the royal family, and the people of England, as Duchess of York, and sister-in-law of the sovereign.

Lady Aylesbury did not long survive this event. But ere she dropped into the grave, at a ripe old age, she saw her descendants heirs-presumptive of the British crown. King Charles had married, but had no legitimate issue, and, accordingly, his brother's family had the prospect and the right of succession. And, in

reality, two immediate descendants of the barefooted country girl did ultimately fill the throne—Mary (wife of William III.), and Queen Anne, princesses both of illustrious memory.

Such were the fortunes of the young woman whom the worthy landlady of the Goat and Compasses was fearful of encouraging to rash hopes by a reference to the lofty position which it had been her own fate to attain in life. In one assertion, at least, the hostess was undoubtedly right—that success in life must be laboured for in some way or other. Without the prudence and propriety of conduct which won the esteem and love of the brewer, the sequel of the country girl's history could not have been such as it was.

TIMBUCTOO.

THIS celebrated city of the African interior is first mentioned in the Travels of Ben Batouta, a Moor, who visited it in the year 1352. He describes it as situated on the Nile—a mistake obviously for the Niger, as other towns still existing on the latter river, and bearing the same names which he gives to them, are also represented by Ben Batouta as being on the Nile. Timbuctoo was at that period a flourishing commercial city. Two centuries later, or about the beginning of the sixteenth century, Leo Africanus, a Moor, born at Grenada, and a noted traveller, penetrated into the interior of Africa, and visited Timbuctoo. The city was still large and prosperous, though it had at that time found a serious commercial rival in Djenné (the Jenné or Genné of Park), a town higher up on the Niger, and at this day the most prosperous of the two places. The commerce of Timbuctoo depended chiefly then, as it still does, on the salt mines of the neighbouring desert of Sahara, the produce of which is disseminated from the city over the whole interior of the continent. About the year 1670, Timbuctoo was again visited by Francis Imbert, a Frenchman in the service of a Portuguese renegade, who was sent on a mission to the city from the Mediterranean borders of Africa. Imbert's brief narrative added little or nothing to the previously obtained information on the subject.

Up to the commencement of the present century, and for many preceding centuries, the city of Timbuctoo continued to be the chief object of curiosity and interest in African geography. The accounts of Leo Africanus and others, corroborated at occasional times by the stray reports of the natives, generated and maintained the impression that Timbuctoo was of vast size, containing a large population, the chief seat of commerce in the interior, and civilised to a remarkable degree, considering its situation. The city, therefore, invested with such attributes, could not fail to be much in the minds of men of science, and many attempts were made by modern enterprise to ascertain the truth regarding it. Mungo Park, the great solver of much of the mystery of the Niger, very probably visited Timbuctoo in his last journey down that river; for, though the city is not immediately on the bank of the Niger, its port, named Kabra, is situated there, and Timbuctoo itself is not far off. (This fact regarding the position of the city was known before Park's time.) But, unfortunately, the latter part of the Scottish traveller's journal was lost when he himself perished farther down the river. Major Laing was the next person who certainly penetrated (in 1826) to Timbuctoo, but he also perished not far from it, and with him, too, were lost the observations he had made. These misfortunes, and the failures of other travellers in attempts to reach the same point, all tended to deepen the mystery and increase the interest that hung over the city of Timbuctoo. At last, a fortunate adventurer, René Caillié, a native of France, did succeed in reaching this far-famed spot, and described it to the world. Some doubts were at first entertained respecting the veracity of his narrative, but any seeming inconsistencies which he may have fallen into, are now admitted, we believe, to have arisen from the imperfection of his scientific knowledge, and from the want of scientific instruments on his journey. His description of Timbuctoo, however, can scarcely have been affected by these deficiencies. It may be mentioned that Caillié found greater security than his predecessors in the route, by assuming the character of a Moor, which a long residence on the African coasts, before entering on his enterprise, enabled him to do effectually, both as regarded appearance, manners, and speech.

Timbuctoo is situated nearly in eighteen degrees of north latitude, and in the sixth degree of west longitude. The city stands close upon the borders of the Great Desert, and at the distance of eight miles from

the river Joliba (Niger), nearly at the angle which that stream, or a branch of it, forms in changing its course from north-east to south-east. The position of Timbuctoo is in the middle of a large plain of whitish sand, diversified here and there with mounds of sand, and very scantily furnished with herbage; a few stunted shrubs (*mimosas*), scattered up and down, are the only vestiges of trees. The soil, therefore, yields literally nothing to the inhabitants of the city, which seems to have been created solely by the wants of commerce. Timbuctoo is nearly triangular in shape, and measures between three and four miles in circuit. The houses consist only of a ground story, and are built of rounded bricks, baked in the sun. They are in general unconnected with one another, but are disposed in something like regular streets, wide enough to permit three horsemen to pass abreast. On the skirts of the city, and here and there in the centre also, many of the dwellings are simply circular huts of straw, for the poorer classes. The aspect of the city, as a whole, is extremely mean and unpleasant; nor do the two or three public buildings and large mansions which it contains, relieve much this paltriness of appearance.

The population of Timbuctoo, M. Caillié thinks, cannot exceed ten or twelve thousand persons. Of these, the majority are *Negroes* of the Kisoor nation, and the remainder principally Moors. The *Negroes*, however, are, properly speaking, the only fixed population, as the Moors are for the most part natives of some other region, who come to Timbuctoo to make fortunes by trade, after which they return home to enjoy their earnings. The government of Timbuctoo is a hereditary *Negro* monarchy, the king, at the time of René Caillié's visit, being a *Negro* named Osman, a man simple in his manners, and patriarchal in his rule. Though highly respected, the king has no pretensions to state, and both he and his family engage in trade. The manners and habits of the whole community, indeed, are as simple as in the patriarchal ages. Almost all the *Negro* inhabitants, as well as the Moors, are engaged in trade; the neighbouring soil, in truth, permitting neither pastoral nor agricultural occupations to be generally or extensively followed. The people of Timbuctoo are nearly all Mahometans, and almost all are so far educated as to be able to read the Koran. They are described as being cleanly in their habits, industrious, and kind to strangers. From having thin lips and noses more aquiline than usual, their countenances, though jet-black, might often be considered as fine-looking even by Europeans. The great heat forces all to anoint their bodies with butter. The common dress of the men, both *Negroes* and Moors, consists of a blue or white cotton *cousabe*, or sort of surtout, with trousers worn, after the Moorish fashion, to the ankles. The women wear one loose cotton robe, reaching from neck to foot, and their ears, necks, heads, and arms, are plentifully decorated with gold, steel, and glass ornaments, and they also wear nose-rings. Polygamy is permitted, at least to the extent of four wives to each man. Women, however, are not treated illiberally; they go unveiled, and are permitted to walk abroad when and where they may please. But it is to be observed, that the Moors seldom marry.

Salt, as has been said, is the only article for exportation which Timbuctoo possesses. It is brought thither on camels from the mines of Toudeyni, in thick cakes tied together with cords made of twisted grass. These cakes make a neat article of commerce, from being ornamented, by the slaves of the dealers, with little designs, such as stripes or lozenges, traced in black. The sale of salt brings in ultimately every thing requisite for their wants to the people of Timbuctoo. From Jenné and other places they receive millet, rice, vegetable butter, honey, cotton, Soudan cloth, preserved provisions, candles, soap, onions, dried fish, &c. But, from being a sort of entrepôt, the little covered stalls around the market-place of Timbuctoo, as well as the magazines in the private houses, contain abundance of articles, both native and European, for traffic, besides salt. The Moors, who travel across the desert from the Mediterranean coasts, bring on their camels to the city abundance of tobacco, guns and other weapons, cloths, &c. manufactured in Europe. The chief return for these is the fine gold of Wangara, which is procured from the countries farther down the river. But the Moorish merchants stay eight or ten months, during their journeys, at Timbuctoo, and sell many of their goods there, besides leaving many necessarily in exchange for supplies of food received at that depot. These merchants also purchase slaves at Timbuctoo, and carry them away across the desert. These slaves are either natives of the interior, newly captured and brought for sale to the city, or belong to the born and bred slave-class, which forms an established part of the population of

Timbuctoo and other places. Slaves, M. Caillié observes, are always well treated at Timbuctoo, and are sorry to leave it.

The town of Cabra, through which the larger city holds communication with Jenné and all the towns on the Niger, is situated at a considerable distance from the river, but is connected with it by a sort of natural canal or lagoon, which permits the access of small vessels. Cabra contains about twelve hundred inhabitants, all of whom are employed either in landing the various merchandise brought from Jenné, or in conveying it to Timbuctoo on asses and camels. The houses are chiefly cabins built of earth, and the people, in general, are very poor. At the same time, Cabra and its inhabitants are in a measure the sole dependence of the people of Timbuctoo. That city would be reduced to famine, were the supplies through Cabra at any period stopped: and, unfortunately, there are grounds for continual terror lest this should take place.

The people of Timbuctoo have a pest in their neighbourhood, which afflicts them sorely and unceasingly. This is a tribe of wanderers, of Arab or Moorish origin, called the *Tooriks*, a cruel, warlike, restless race, who stick to the shoulders of the Timbuctoo folks, much in the same way as the old man of the sea is said to have clung to Sinbad the sailor. The *Tooriks* ride splendid horses; and such is the terror which their ferocity and depredations have inspired into the citizens, that one of these wretches will coolly enter a house in Timbuctoo, and not leave it until bought off by some costly present. No one dare resist, for fear of bringing on an attack of the whole tribe. Sometimes the chief of the *Tooriks* visits the city with his suite, and perhaps stays two months. All the time, though his visit is regarded as a national calamity, he and his people are loaded with attention and presents. This state of things arises from the easy and comparatively unwarlike dispositions of the *Negro* people, as the *Tooriks* are few in numbers in comparison with those they oppress. The *Tooriks* live in the pastoral spots of the country, and have numerous flocks and slaves. As they dread, and never use fire-arms, they might be the more easily, it is obvious, got rid of by the people of Timbuctoo, who are well supplied with these weapons, and can use them.

In Timbuctoo, the Moors are the most influential class, although they are not eligible to the council of elders, which the king calls around him on state emergencies. The best houses are those of the Moors, but the interior of all is very simple, though cleanly. Mats for sitting on, and mattresses, finer or coarser as it may be, laid upon stakes in the ground for beds, compose their whole furniture. There are no less than five mosques or churches in Timbuctoo, three of which, however, are small, and not to be distinguished from private houses, except by their slender spires or minarets. The largest of the other two is described as being of considerable extent, but partly in ruins, and the oldest portion exhibits the best architecture. Coarse brick forms the material of the walls, which are about fifteen feet high, and have no apertures but the various gates, of which there are ten in all. Internally, the building is divided into a number of compartments, which are encircled by galleries, and at different corners there are towers, one of which is fifty feet high. One of the sides of the mosque is five hundred feet long. The floor of the place where prayers are said is strewn with mats for kneeling upon. Contributions, at stated times, of provisions and cowries (a species of shell which is the current coin of the whole interior of Africa), form the chief, if not the sole support, of the religious officials.

Such are the leading facts, as given by M. Caillié, relative to the Timbuctoo of the present day. In many points they differ very materially from what the world had been led to anticipate; and, indeed, if we may trust the words of Leo Africanus (who is generally admitted to be trustworthy, when reporting what he himself saw), Timbuctoo must have been once very differently situated from what it now is, in a number of particulars. As the reader has now the existing picture before him upon which to form a comparison, it may be worth while to translate a sentence or two from Leo's account. Regarding the great size of the city at one time, or rather regarding the great extent of its population, the following passage is decisive:—"The King of Tombuto," says Leo, "has a military force of three thousand horsemen under his command, and an almost innumerable multitude of archers"—a force which a great population only could supply. It seems undeniable, from another sentence, that the region around the city was once any thing but barren. "The country," says Leo, "was most fertile in grain, and rich in cattle." Leo also speaks of the immense value of the king's sceptres and ornaments, some of which weighed three hundred pounds of gold. But the most remarkable of his statements respects the state of civilisation. "In this city, there are great numbers of judges, of teachers, of priests, and of very learned men, who are amply supported by the royal bounty. An infinite quantity of manuscript books are brought hither from Barbary; and much more money is derived from the traffic in these than from all the other articles of merchandise." As if to prevent us from referring all these things to the Moors, he mentions the king's brother as being "a man, black indeed in bodily colour, but most white in mind and genius."

The traveller mentions two circumstances which

tend to explain the decline of Timbuctoo. The city, he says, was extremely liable to injuries from fire, and on his second visit, the half of it was thus destroyed in the space of five hours. And diseases (epidemics) were extremely common, "diminishing the population, when they occurred, in a remarkable manner." In many points (laying aside those mentioned) the description of Leo agrees perfectly with that of René Caillié, excepting that the scale of matters is now greatly decreased. Even education, as has been formerly mentioned, is still attended to, though the Koran supplies the place of the "infinite quantity of books" from the Mediterranean. The Moors are the principal teachers. Some of the merchants employ writing in their correspondence with Jenné. The language of Timbuctoo is a dialect compounded of the Arabic and native African.

FORGOTTEN ENGLISH POETS.

GREEN.

IN "A Collection of Poems, in six volumes, by Several Hands," published nearly a century ago by Robert Dodsley, the bookseller, and the great bulk of which now appears any thing but poetry, there was one piece of considerable merit, entitled "The Spleen, by Mr Matthew Green." Who this Mr Green was, no one thought of inquiring for many years after, when a query in a magazine at length brought out a few particulars respecting him. He was born in 1696, of dissenting parentage, and enjoyed a situation in the custom-house. His disposition was cheerful; but this did not save him from occasional attacks of low spirits, or spleen, as the favourite phrase was in his time. Having tried all imaginable remedies for his malady, he conceived himself at length able to treat it in a philosophical spirit, and therefore wrote the above-mentioned poem, which adverts to all its forms, and their appropriate remedies, in a style of comic verse resembling Hudibras, but which Pope himself allowed to be eminently original. Green terminated a quiet inoffensive life of celibacy, in 1737, at the age of forty-one.

As "the Spleen" is almost unknown to modern readers, we propose to revive a few of its best passages. The first that follows contains one line (marked by *Italic*) which is certainly one of the wittiest and wisest things ever said by a British author:—

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.
Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh.

Wittlings, briak fools, —
Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf;
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceased,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
New almanacks compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons' ears;
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye;
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queen's rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military show,
Are so'reign for the case in view.
If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.
In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That merry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather.

Sometimes I dream, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think, nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins.
Law, licen'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease;
A gipsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell
I shun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen.

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.

No compter-write me agitate;
Who moralising pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn,
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour's end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ill he can't prevent:
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wagger row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.

Since disappointment falls within,
And subjugates the soul to spleen,
Most schemes, as money snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embuzzled, sink the ship.

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And show her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things that never were.

These are but snatches of Green's philosophy, as shown in what he follows and what he avoids; the reader, if he wishes to know more, must resort to the poem itself. We must make room, however, for the charming picture which he has drawn of the country retirement in which he wishes to spend the evening of his days, as a final and effectual cure for his ailment:—

* * * my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while 'tother holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of nice:
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboards, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around embosom'd air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
The stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phebus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green:
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Bruen fields their fallow Sabbath keep,
Plump Ceres golden treasures wear,
And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,
And silver-streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And looser nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debar'd the pleasure to impart
By advice, sphincter of the heart,

Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs.
May I, with look unglom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distempers to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And al. wily mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

DR ARNOTT'S STOVE.

VARIOUS improved modes of heating have lately been treated on more than one occasion in the Journal: the history, as it may be called, of the art of heating, has been brought down to the latest improvement, excepting only the stove recently invented by Dr Neil Arnott. It is now proposed to give some account of this last invention, which we are enabled to do by the possession of a volume just published by Dr Arnott, and in consequence of our having seen a specimen of the stove itself.*

Dr Arnott's principle may be described as the ordinary stove enclosed in a box, with an apparatus for preventing the surface exposed to the air from ever being heated above two hundred of Fahrenheit, or rather less than the heat of boiling water. The learned inventor has suggested many varieties of form for his stove. The simplest which we have seen, consists of a box of fire-clay brick, with a grated bottom, and without any top. There are no ribs in front. This brick box is placed within a case of sheet iron, leaving a space of two and a half inches clear betwixt the box and the iron all round. In front of the case there is a small round door which is opened, and by this you can pour the coal for fuel into the box. From the opposite side of the case there is a flue. The air is admitted to the fire by means of a very small aperture in front at the bottom of the case, and thence by the bottom grating to the fuel. The fire, by this arrangement, does not touch the iron to heat it highly; it is the heated air in the space between the box and the case that heats the exterior surface. The heat is regulated by the admission of air, and this, in the simplest kind of stove, must be the object of watchfulness to the attendant. The more complex and more perfect kind possesses an apparatus by which the stove itself regulates the admission of air, and consequently the degree of heat. In some of the stoves, also, there is a partition of iron in the interior space behind, dividing it into two chambers or compartments, by means of which the air is circulated, and gives out its whole heat before passing off by the flue.

The most surprising thing about the apparatus, is the burning of the fire with such an exceedingly small quantity of air as is admitted. This forms one of the main distinctions betwixt this and all other stoves. Supposing that the fire-box of this stove were filled with common coal, and the free entrance of air admitted through the door of the ash-pit, we should have a fire much like that in an ordinary grate, burning pretty quickly, giving forth a good deal of flame and smoke, and soon of course exhausting itself, in consequence of the great draught of heat through the flue. The outer box, while such a fire lasted, would be only too much heated, and it would give out much the same kind of dried, disagreeable, and unhealthy air, which emanates from a common stove. But Dr Arnott pursues a very different plan. The fire-box is supplied with either coke, or a hard species of coal (anthracite), which gives forth little smoke and flame. He causes this to burn slowly, by admitting to it only a very small stream of air, liable, as we have said, to be increased or diminished by a regulating valve. The heat arising from this small and slowly consuming fire, as above mentioned, expends itself on the sides of the outer box, from which it is radiated into the room. The draught of smoke and gases through the flue is only as much as the small stream of air which is admitted by the valved door; and practically the escape of heat through this channel is so very small, that, at a little distance from the box, the flue is felt to be quite cool; so that we may be satisfied that the benefit of the whole, or nearly the whole, of the heat generated, has been obtained for the warming of the apartment.

It will thus be observed that the heat, instead of radiating, at an unhealthily high temperature, from the

* It may be mentioned for the convenience of our Scottish readers, that the specimen we have seen is one which has been erected and experimented upon in the warehouse of Messrs Sibbald and Sons, Ironmongers, George Street, Edinburgh, who design to supply the public with Dr Arnott's stove, modified by all the improvements which may appear to them practicable.

fire-box, as in ordinary stoves, radiates at a comparatively low temperature from a larger surface of metal, so as to produce the same effect in warming the surrounding air, without any of the bad consequences of the old plan. It remains to be seen by what means Dr Arnott contrives to adjust the supply of air in such a manner as to keep down the temperature at an agreeable and salubrious degree.

When he contrived his stove, three or four years ago, there was in existence a well known means of adjusting the temperature of bakers' ovens by a self-acting thermometer. Though an old expedient, some person had recently secured a patent upon it, and Dr Arnott was therefore unable to take advantage of it for his stove. There are, however, many modes of producing the same curious mechanical results, and a few of these he specifies. That which he has employed in the stoves made under his own care, consists of a glass tube inserted horizontally into the upper part of the heated chamber of his stove, with a downward bend on the outside. Mercury is put into the bend of this tube, leaving the part which is within the stove empty of all but common air. This air, of course, expands in proportion to the heat of the stove, and in doing so presses upon the mercury in that part of the outer bend next to it. The mercury in the other part of the bent tube accordingly rises. A float on its surface is thus raised. Connected with the float is a wire, which acts upon a valve at the door of the fire-box, causing it to open and shut according as the float falls or rises. By such simple means, the least increase of heat within immediately and unavoidably brings about a diminution of the supply of air to the fire, which therefore instantly begins to burn less intensely. So also any decrease of heat instantly produces a larger supply of air, by which the fire is as it were poked, and begins to burn more brightly. The cooling from a fresh supply of coke must of course cause that increased supply of oxygen which is necessary to make the new materials glow; and the new and great heat thus brought about must immediately check itself by the closing of the valve. It is also obvious, that, when the materials are nearly burnt down, and the supply of air thus increased, the only consequence is, that the air rushes in as long as there is any thing to burn, and no longer.

The express advantages of the thermometer stove are enumerated by the learned inventor under fourteen heads, which we shall abridge. 1. Economy of fuel. While in the case of a common open fire, seven-eighths of the heat goes up the chimney, nearly the whole heat is secured by the stove. A gentleman known to us saw Dr Arnott put a few leaves of a pamphlet into his fire-box, the ignition of which immediately heated the whole stove, and diffused an agreeable warmth throughout the room. An ordinary room can be kept warm by the stove for twenty-four hours, at the expense of one penny in coke or anthracite. 2. The temperature diffused by the stove is uniform throughout the room. 3. The stove is always alight, to the saving of much of that inconvenience and loss of time occasioned by the going out and kindling of ordinary fires. 4. No smoke, of the character of the smoke of a common fire, arises from the stove, but only a slight stream of volatile gases. 5. No dust is diffused throughout the room. 6. The dangers to which children, old people, and others, are exposed from a common fire, are obviated. 7. The danger to property is as little as the danger to persons. 8. The stove is obedient to command, and could be managed by a child. 9. It can be established at little expense. 10. It saves all expense for attendance. 11. It is easily moved. 12. Its form may be fashioned into any graceful form, so as to ornament a room. Dr Arnott mentions that it may be in the form of a statue. 13. A drawer inserted into the heated chamber of the stove would serve for cooking meat, and a pot for boiling might be placed upon the fire-box: it is therefore, as Dr Arnott remarks, peculiarly the *poor man's stove*. 14. No sweeping-boys are required.

Referring for more minute particulars to the volume to which we are indebted for the materials of this notice,* we cannot but tender to Dr Arnott the tribute of our thanks for an invention which promises to add so much to human happiness. At present, from the great quantity of a coarse and bulky mineral required for heating, the expense of procuring a tolerable temperature in winter is far too great for all ordinary incomes, while the poor are nearly altogether denied this comfort of life. Should Dr Arnott's stove come into extensive use, how many hours must it cheer which would have otherwise been cheerless—how many distressing ailments may it prevent! Dr Arnott's conduct in the bringing forward of his invention is above all praise. While he might have patented the invention, and realised a large fortune from it, he has chosen rather to consider it, like his water-bed for invalids, as an improvement of a professional nature, and therefore not to be the source of any gain to himself. He has thrown it, with the generosity of his profession, as a gift to the world, without reserving to himself the least benefit from it.

The gift is much enhanced by the accompanying publication, which treats the whole subjects of heating and ventilation with that enlightened connection of moral feeling with natural science which distinguishes

* On Warming and Ventilating, with Directions for making and using the Thermometer Stove or Self-Regulating Fire. By Neil Arnott, M.D. London, 1838.

so greatly the well-known *Elements of Physics* by the same author. In an introduction to the work, Dr Arnott describes air, warmth, aliment, and exercise, as the four primary necessities of life, the want of which extinguishes life—the mismanagement of which produces disease and death—and which, with poisons and violence, are the original sources of human pleasures and pains, and the great motives of human actions. "The first manifestations," he says, "of strong feeling in a child, are its cries when cold, hungry, stifled by covering on its face, or oppressed by obstacle to the free motion of its limbs; that is to say, when it wants any of the four necessities of life; or again, when it is bruised, pricked, burned, &c., or is fed improperly; that is to say, when it suffers from violence, or from what, in the general sense, is poisonous. The other class of manifestations comprises its smiles of happiness, when after experiencing wants it is supplied; as when after hunger, it gets food, after cold, warmth, &c., or when its faculties are called into exercise, as by the sight of vivid colours, the hearing by loud sounds, &c.; and lastly, when it begins to recognise the causes of its pleasures, chiefly in the fond mother herself, or of its pains in other objects, and cries or laughs from recollection or anticipation. Now, not only in infancy, but throughout the whole course of human existence, the due use of the necessities of life is accompanied by the sensation which we call pleasure, and of which it is our nature to desire the continuance, and to strive to secure the continuance or repetition; and the deficiency or excess of the necessities is accompanied by an opposite kind of feeling, called pain, of which we desire and strive to ensure the cessation."

Very young children and the inferior animals, having no knowledge of the universe, or ideas whatever, but of the sensations above enumerated, and of the most obvious causes and concomitants of those sensations, the list may be held to indicate all the primary pleasures and pains of animated beings. That the same list includes all the motives of action of children and the inferior animals, follows from the fact, that there is no voluntary action but to secure an end, of which an idea or desire exists in the mind of the agent. Now, that the same four necessities, or the sensations connected with the supply of the ever recurring animal wants and the preservation of life, are immediate and powerful motives to action also among adult human beings, is seen in such facts as when the famishing victims of shipwreck, regardless of every thing else, murder and eat one another, to allay the cravings of hunger, &c.; and that they are moreover the ultimate objects of the whole deliberate business and activity of human individuals and societies, except the little, alas! which regards that other world, the nature of which "nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive," is discovered in the fact of the actions which have them not as their immediate aim, being still directed to obtain the means of ultimately securing them. The agricultural industry of men, and the manufacturing and commercial, have no other views; as is true also of the most of the contentions and crimes—witness common robberies and murders! Even the secondary or mental pleasures and pains, deemed usually of a higher order, as hope, fear, &c., bear generally upon the same objects, and admit of the same explanation; and when men, singly or in society, are striving to attain knowledge, power, superiority, &c., they generally pursue these as they do cumbrous gold and silver, or other riches, only to obtain more perfect security for the continued supply and enjoyment of the things necessary to their physical existence."

The learned author then proceeds to show how slowly man has acquired any knowledge of the means by which the four great necessities may be regulated with a view to his happiness, and how imperfectly this knowledge is even now diffused, and how little acted on. It would be needless to enlarge on this topic in a work which has so often treated it before; but we cannot help mentioning a remarkable fact respecting ventilation, with which we were not previously acquainted. The sum of £10,000 is reported to be annually saved at present by the British government, in consequence of an improved means of ventilation in the cavalry barracks, by which a disease called *glanders*, a kind of malignant catarrh, or cold, has been averted from the horses. "Stronger evidence," says Dr Arnott, "of what, in respect to general health and long life, is within human power, can scarcely be obtained, than by comparing the accurately recorded rates of mortality, or value of human life, in England, at various periods of past time, and at present. For example;—in the five plagues or epidemics which occurred in London during the seventy-three years from 1592 to 1665 inclusive—after the last of which came the great fire of 1666, which led to the rebuilding of a large part of the city, and to the disappearance of such plagues; all which five plagues we know to have been fostered, if not entirely produced, by the impure condition of the town—the average deaths in each year of plague amounted to very nearly a fourth part of the whole population. This, for the present population of London, would be about 375,000 persons in one year. Now, the present annual mortality in London being about 42,250, and the deaths in the year of the late cholera, which was the most severe plague that has visited London since 1666, having been only 48,500, making a loss by the plague of only one person for every 250 of the population, we see a prodigious decrease of mortality, under a like visitation of a ma-

lignant epidemic, owing, there can be no doubt, to the improved condition of the city in respect to—1st, purity of air, as dependent on wider and cleaner streets, good drainage, and a better supply of water; 2dly, to improved supply of fuel, and better construction of the houses; 3dly, probably, in some degree, to better food and more healthful habits."

SCENES IN LIFE AS SEEN FROM A WINDOW.*

DIAGONALLY opposite to my window, stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticoes and colonnades. This edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery that seemed, to my curious eye, surrounding one of its inmates! But I will throw into the story-vein what I have to narrate, for it is a novelette in itself.

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and, for aught I knew to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing-room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway exhibits of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my nook, and was struck with her surpassing loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in wealth and grandeur? No! I worshipped, afar off. "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted, and sat his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding-school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well-bred man of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black, penetrating eye, and a moustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure, and the most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating and dangerous man. His air, and a certain indescribable *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite to her window, his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty! How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears, seen through "plate glass!" Involuntarily he drew in his spirited horse and raised his hat! The action, the manner, the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment, the hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not, with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently upon his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her chair and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, who was only slightly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause, by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street door opened, and, with a light step, the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment the stranger rode up, bowed with ineffable grace, and—(blessed encounter that with the omnibus wheel!)—his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the "cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward, and in a few seconds the carriage took the same direction. All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of riders and drivers repassed. "The lady's" carriage (it was a landau, and the top was thrown back) came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the *paré*, and took his leave! For several afternoons, successively, the gentleman's appearance, mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage. One evening they were unusually late on their return. Finally the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have declared the equestrian was not the stranger! No! He dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the gentleman and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this affair for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self-possession which characterised him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico, pulled at the bell. The next moment he was admitted, and disappeared out of my

sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing-room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to let in the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces, directly down into the room, as distinctly as if there was no obstruction! This I give as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room, his hand upon his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! * * * * The declaration, the confession, the acceptance, all passed beneath me, most edifyingly. By his animated gestures, I could see he was urging her to take some sudden step. She at first appeared reluctant, but gradually becoming more placable, yielded. In ten minutes the landau was at the door. They came out arm in arm, and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman, "Drive to St John's Church." "An elopement!" thought I. "Having been in at breaking cover, I will be in at the death!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal Street. I followed full fast on foot. When I arrived at the church, the carriage was before it, and the "happy pair," already joined together, were just crossing the *trotoir* to re-enter it, the grinning footman, who had legally witnessed the ceremony, following them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious family-carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left it for the Springs. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls; then a handsome young man. "How glad I am that I have got home again!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is, that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing-room. There was a scene!

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent him. "You shan't." "I will." "I say you shan't." "I say I will," were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street-door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who are you, sir?"

"I have the honour to be your son-in-law!" "And, sir, who may you have the honour to be?" "The Count L—y!" with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir." "Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly-made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride, who had come impudently forward as the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter!"

"You are mistaken, sir; she is my housekeeper!" A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's charming housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and, like many a wiser fool, he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards, a hack drove to the servants' hall door, and my heroine came forth closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted as a passenger in a packet ship that sailed a day or two after for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion, remaineth yet a mystery!

A WELSH TRADITION.

MR ROSCON, in his beautifully embellished work, "Wanderings in South Wales," thus refers to an inundation of the sea on the Welsh coast, in the sixth century, by which a large tract of the finest land was entirely lost:—"Aberystwith is delightfully situated on the north bank of the Rhedol, in the centre of Cardigan Bay, commanding a sea-view of great extent, and of that sublime beauty inseparable from a marine prospect bounded only by the horizon. The hills of the North Welsh coast are distinctly seen on a clear day, stretching far out in the distance, the chain ending with Boreley Island. Snowdon and Cader Idris are sometimes seen; and, on the south, the coast may be traced as far as St David's Head. The whole of this ocean-amphitheatre was formerly dry land, and the greater portion remained so until the sixth century, when Gwyddno Gavanher [pronounced Gweethno Gaveanher] was the reigning prince of the district. It was named Cantrev y Gwaedol, the Lowland Hundred, and is mentioned by the Welsh bards and historians as being fertile and beautiful in the highest degree, and containing sixteen fortified towns, and a large population. This fine campaign country extended from Harlech to St David's Head, and was wholly destroyed by an inundation of the sea, the waters of St George's Channel having burst over their wonted boundaries, and covered its entire extent. Thus was formed the present bay of Cardigan, whose deep blue waves now roll over many a ruined city and once mighty fortress, lying in irretrievable desolation beneath them."

* This is doubtless an exaggeration. Regular fortifications were unknown in Wales at this early period. The sea may have covered some walled villages, but not "mighty fortresses."—Ed. C. J.

* Contributed to the New York Mirror, by an anonymous writer, September 10, 1850.

It seems probable that a sudden sinking of the land aided the inroad of the sea, even if the latter event were not wholly caused by the former, which appears likely. The present gradual advancement of the sea on this western coast might well lead to the belief of these ancient traditions, even were better proof wanting; but in several places, and more especially at Borth, a few miles north of Aberystwith, when the tide is out, stumps of trees are seen in great numbers in the sand, proving the existence of a great forest on the spot. The wood, when dug out, is hard and black as ebony. I am informed, by a friend residing at Aberystwith, that a tradition respecting the existence of a great castle on a spot now six miles out in the bay opposite that place, has lately been rather singularly verified by the Admiralty surveyors, they having found stones on the precise spot, which bear evident signs of having been used in masonry. We cannot but anticipate still further loss of land in the valleys washed by the ocean in this neighbourhood; nor do the mountain barriers themselves offer any very enduring resistance to its mighty strength, for, being wholly composed of a splintery slate rock, they are perpetually crumbling away, and after great storms, fall in large masses. The castlehill forms a favourite promenade for the visitors at Aberystwith, from its commanding and picturesque situation, but each year so much reduces its seaward cliffs, that they, and their hoary ruin-crest, must eventually be swept away. The base of this small promontory is completely covered by the breakers that dash and foam and thunder in its hollow sides, making most dread but 'eloquent music,' and flinging their light spray over the sea-beat cliffs.*

ADVENTURES OF RICHARD FALCONER. SECOND PART.*

On Monday, the 31st of December, we launched our vessel out into the sea, and designed to set sail the next day from the island upon which we had been so long confined. After we had fixed her fast with two anchors and a hawser on shore, we went on board to dine and make ourselves merry, which we did very heartily; and, to add to our mirth, we made a large can of punch, which we never attempted to do before, as we had but one bottle of limo juice in all, which was what indeed we designed for this occasion. In short, the punch ran down so merrily, that we were all in a drunken condition. When it was gone, we resolved to go to rest; but all I could do, could not persuade them to lie on board that night in their cabins, yet without a bed: they would venture, though they were obliged to swim a hundred yards before they could wade to shore; but, however, they got safe, which I knew by their hallooing and rejoicing.

Having brought my bed on board, I went to rest very contentedly, which I did till next morning; but, oh! horror! when I had dressed myself, and, going on deck to call my companions to come on board to breakfast, which was intended overnight, and afterwards to go on shore, and bring our sails and yards on board, and make to sea as fast as we could, I could not see any land! which so overcame me on the sudden, that I sunk down on the deck, without sense or motion. How long I continued so I cannot tell, but I awoke full of the sense of my melancholy condition; and ten thousand times, in spite of my resolution to forbear, cursed my unhappy fate that had brought me to that deplorable state. Instead of coming on board to be frolicsome and merry, we should have given thanks to Him who gave us the blessing of thinking we were no longer subject to such hardships; they might probably have undergone, if we had been detained longer on that island. I had no compass, neither was I, of myself, capable of ruling the vessel in a calm, much less if there should a storm happen, which are too frequent in this climate.

After I had vented my grief in a torrent of words and tears, I began to think how the vessel could be got to sea without my knowledge. By remembrance of the matter, the night before, I found, by our eagerness and fatal carelessness, we had forgotten to fasten our cables to the geers; and, pulling up the hawser which we had fastened to one of the burton trees on shore, I perceived that the force of the vessel had pulled the tree out of the earth. Then I too late found that a hurricane had risen when I was sound asleep and stupefied with too much liquor. When I began to be something better contented in my mind, and thought of sustaining nature, almost spent with fatigue and grieving, one great comfort I had on my side, which my poor wretched companions wanted, was provision in plenty, and fresh water; so that when I began to consider coolly, I found I had not that cause to complain which they had, who were left on a barren island, without any other provision than that very same diet which I was forced to take up with when first thrown on shore.

I remained tossed upon the sea for a fortnight, without discovering land; for the weather continued very calm, but yet so hazy, that I could not perceive the sun for several days. One day, searching for some linen that I had dropped under the sacking of my bed, for I did not lie in a hammock, I found a glove with seventy-five pieces of eight in it, which I took, and sewed in the waistband of my trousers, for fear I should want it some time or other. I made no scruple in taking it, for I was well assured it had belonged to poor Mr Randal. Besides, I had heard the other people say that they were sure that he had

money somewhere; and, after his death, we searched for it, but could not find any. January the 20th, 1700, I discovered a sail near me, but she bore away so fast, that there was not any hope of succour from her, and I had not any thing to distinguish me. I supposed, though I could see them, yet they could not see me, by reason of my want of sail, which would have made me the more conspicuous. The next day I discovered land, about six leagues to the south-west of me, which, I observed, my vessel did not come nigh, but coasted along shore. I was well assured it was the province of Yucatan, belonging to the Spaniards, and was the place we came from. Now, all my fear was that I should fall into their hands, who would make me do the work of a slave; but even that I thought was better than to live in continual fear of storms, and tempests, or shipwreck.

I coasted along in this manner for two or three days, and at last discovered land right ahead, which I was very glad of; but yet mixed with fear, in not knowing what treatment I should have. On January the 30th, I made the bay and town of Francisco di Campeachy, as it proved afterwards, and was almost upon it before I was met by any thing of a ship or a boat; but at last two canoes came on board, with one Spaniard and six Indians, who were much surprised when they understood my condition, by speaking broken French, which the Spaniards understood. They immediately carried me on shore, and thence to the governor, who was at dinner. They would have made me stay till he had dined; but he, hearing of me, commanded me to come in where he was at dinner with several gentlemen and two ladies; and though it is very rare any one sees the women, yet they did not offer to veil themselves. I was ordered to sit down by myself at a little table placed for that purpose, where I had sent me of what composed their dinner, which was some fish and fowls, and excellent wine of several sorts.

After they had feasted me for two or three days, they sent me about, with several officers appointed by the governor, to make a gathering, which we did with success, for in three days we had got seven hundred and odd pieces of eight; and two merchants there were at the charge of fitting up my bark, in order to send it for my poor companions, to lighten us up, as some bottles of fine wines, two bottles of citron water for a cordial, chocolate, and several other useful things; but the difficulty was to get seamen to go with me. At last they remembered they had five Englishmen, that were prisoners there, and taken in the Bay of Campeachy, upon suspicion of piracy, but nothing could be proved against them, whom they freed without any ransom. I indeed received as much humanity among them as could be expected from any of the most civilised nations.

All things being prepared, on the 15th of February 1700 we set sail from Campeachy Bay, after paying my acknowledgments to the generous governor; but having nothing to present him worth acceptance but my Ovid, I gave him that, which he took very kindly, and said he would prize it mightily, not only in the esteem he had for that author, but in remembrance of me and my misfortunes. We plied it to the windward very briskly, and in fifteen days discovered the isles of the Alceranes; but we durst not go in within the shoals, because we were all ignorant of the channel. So we cast anchor, and hoisted out our boat, with two men and myself, and made to shore, where we found my three companions, but in a miserable condition, and Mr Musgrave so faint and weak, that they expected he could not live long.

They mentioned to me, that when they awoke, after I had drove off in the vessel in the dark from the island, they were all in despair to find the ship gone, which they perceived was occasioned by a hurricane, that they were assured was violent, because it had blown down their tent, though without swaking them. But when they began to consider they had no food, and but very little fresh water, which was left in a barrel without a head in the tent, their despair increased. But as no passion can last long that is violent, it wore off with their care for sustenance, which they diligently searched for; and not finding any quantity of eggs or boobies, the dreadful fear of starving came into their minds, with all its horrid attendants. They had been five days without eating or drinking, for the boobies were retired, out of fear or custom, to some other place; neither could they find one egg more; and weakness came so fast upon them, with hunger and drought, that they were hardly able to crawl, so they thought of nothing but dying. When, at last, they remembered the body of good Mr Randal, that had been buried a week, which they dug up without being putrified; and that poor wretch, that helped to support our misfortunes when alive, with his sage advice, now was a means of preserving their life, though dead. We arrived in time to save them from continuing this horrid cannibalism, and having seen the remains of my old friend once more consigned to the tomb, we all got on board our vessel, in order to sail as soon as the wind would rise, it being stark calm, and continued so two days. At last it blew a little, and we weighed anchor, and stood out to sea, but made but little way. I now was master or captain of a ship, and began to take upon me. We were nine men, all English; that is, myself first, Richard White, W. Musgrave, and Ralph Middleton, my old companions; John Stone, W. Kester, Francis Hood, W. Warren, and Joseph Meadows (all of England), the five men given me by Don Antonio, who, as I said before, were taken on suspicion of piracy. Whereupon a thought came into my head that had escaped me before. I considered if these were really pirates, being five to four, they might be too powerful for us, and perhaps murder us. One day we all dined together upon deck, under our awning, it being very calm weather. I then asked the five men, what was the reason that they were taken by the Spaniards for pirates? Upon this they seemed nonplussed; but Warren soon recovered himself, as well as all the rest, and spoke for the others in this manner:—"We embarked on board the ship *Bonaventure*, in the Thames, bound for Jamaica, whither we made a prosperous voyage; but after taking in our lading, in our way home, we were overtaken by a storm, in which our ship was lost, and all the men perished, except my-

self and four companions, who were saved in the long-boat. But the reason we were taken for pirates was, that making to shore to save ourselves, we saw a bark riding at anchor without the port of Campeachy, which we made to, in order to inquire whereabouts we were, and to beg some provisions, our own being gone. On entering the vessel, we found but two people in it; the third, jumping into the water, swam on shore, and brought three boats filled with Spanish soldiers, which came on board before we could make off." "Make off!" said I, "what! did you design to run away with the vessel?" "No," answered Warren, with some confusion, "but we did design to weigh anchor, and go farther in shore, that we might land in the morning, it being late at night."

I must confess I did not like the fellow being nonplussed now and then, in not knowing what to say, but, upon consideration, thought it might be for want of words to express himself better; so for that time I took no more notice, not weighing it in my mind; but in the evening Mr Middleton came to me, with a face of concern, and told me he did not like these fellows' tale. "Why so?" said I. "Because I observe they herd together," answered he, "and are always whispering and speaking low to one another. If a foreboding heart may speak, I am sure we shall suffer something from these fellows, that will be of danger to us."

Upon this I began to stagger in my opinion of their honesty, and therefore we resolved to stand upon our guard. We took no notice of our conference then to our two other companions, but resolved to stay till night, having a better opportunity then, as we lay together in the cabin aft. When we were to go to supper, we called one another to come; but five of the sailors excused themselves by saying they had dined so lately that they had no stomach as yet; whereupon we had an opportunity sooner to converse together than we designed; for, being at supper, we opened the matter to our other two companions, and they agreed immediately that we were in some danger; so we resolved in the middle watch of the night to seize them in their sleep. We were to have the first watch, which we set at eight o'clock; then they were to watch till twelve; and then, in their third watch, between one and two, we had concluded to seize upon them as they slept; that is, four of them, for one of them watched with us, which was Frank Hood, the cook, whom we agreed to seize and bind fast, towards the latter end of the watch, and to threaten him with death if he offered to make the least noise.

As soon as ever our first watch was set, we sent Mr Musgrave to prepare our arms. In about half an hour, or thereabouts, Warren called to Hood upon deck (they lying below), to get him a little water, "for he was very dry," he said; whereupon, the other went down immediately with some water in a can to him. As soon as he was gone down, I had the curiosity to draw as near the scuttle as I could, to hear the discourse. Now, you must know, Hood, our cook, had been employed that day about searching our provisions, our beef casks and pork, to see what quantity we had, that we might know how long it would last; so that the others had not an opportunity to disclose the design to him. As soon as he was got down, I could hear Will Warren say to him, "Hark ye, Frank, we had like to have been smoked to-day; and though we had contrived the story that I told you, yet I was a little surprised at their asking me, because then I did not expect it; but we design to be even with them in a very little time; for hark ye—" said he, and spoke so low that I could not hear him: upon which, the other said, "There is no difficulty in the matter; but we need not be in such haste, for you know, as we ply it to windward, a day or two can break no squares, and we can soon (after the effecting our design) bear down to leeward to our comrades, that we left on shore; for I fancy," added he, "that they have some small suspicion of you now, which in time will sleep, and may be on their guard: therefore it is better to wait a day or two."

"No; we'll do it to-night when they are asleep," replied Warren; whereupon there were many arguments, *pro* and *con* as I fancied. A little while after, Hood came up again; and after walking up and down, and fixing his eyes often upon me, who in the meantime was provided with a couple of pistols under my watch-coat, and which, indeed, were their own, that we had hung up ready charged, in our cabin (which was one reason of their design to attack us in our sleep), Hood, as I said before, seemed to fix his eyes frequently on me, for, till now, I never watched in the night. At last, said he, very softly, "If you please, Mr Falconer, I have a word or two to say to you, that much concerns you all." "What is it?" said I. "Why," answered he, "I would have the rest of your companions car-witneses too;" with that I called them together; "but," said he, "let us retire as far from the scuttle as we can, that we may not be heard by any below deck;" so we went into the cabin, and opened the scuttle above, that Mr Musgrave, who steered, might hear what was said. When we had sat down upon the floor, Hood began as follows:—"My four companions below have a wicked design upon you; that is, to seize you, and put you into the boat, and run away with the vessel; but I think it is an inhuman action, not only to any one, but to you in particular, that have been the means of their freedom." Upon this (finding his sincerity), I told him that we were provided against it already; and, of their consent of my companions, I told him of our design of seizing them in the third watch. "But," said he, "they intend to put their project in practice their next watch; therefore I think 'twill be more proper for us to counter-plot them, and seize them this." "As they have no arms," said I, "and we have, we need not fear them."

We had several debates about this, which took up too much time, to our sorrow; for Warren, mistrusting Hood, it seems, got up and listened; and when he found that we retired, all of us, to the cabin, he got upon deck, and, stealing softly, came so close that he overheard every thing we said, which, as soon as he understood, he went immediately to his companions, who waited impatiently, as they told us afterwards, and let them know all our discourse; whereupon, without pausing, they resolved to attack us immediately, in the midst of our consulta-

* In giving the first part of these Adventures, we omitted to mention that they are reprinted, with some very slight alterations, from a rare old work, now little known, but which has lately been republished by a London bookseller. It is worth while to note that the work was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott, in his younger days, as appears from the following observations made by him on the fly-leaf of a copy which had been in his possession:—"This book I read in early youth. I am ignorant whether it is altogether fictitious and written upon De Foe's plan, which it generally resembles, or whether it is only an exaggerated account of the adventures of a real person. It is very scarce; for endeavouring to add it to the other favourites of my infancy, I think I looked for it ten years to no purpose, and at last owed it to the active kindness of Mr Terry; yet Richard Falconer's adventures seem to have passed through several editions."

tion; which was no sooner resolved upon than done. For we were immediately surprised with their seizing us, which they did with that quickness, and so unperceivable, that we were all confounded and amazed: they had got off two pistols in our consternation, which they clapped to our breasts. In this confusion I had forgotten mine, that were at my girdle (or else we might have been hard enough for them); neither did I remember them till they found them about me. They shut the cabin door on the inside till they had bound us, and never minded Mr Musgrave's knocking and making a noise, till they had secured us; which done, they opened the door and seized him, who came to know what the matter was, for we had no candle in the cabin; and he, hearing a noise amongst us, thought we were seizing Hood, and called to us to forbear (as he said afterwards), and make haste, for he was going to tack about, though we did not hear him; on which, he clapped the helm a-lee, and came down to fetch us out to haul off the sheets, &c., and was seized; and the sails fluttered in the wind, by reason she was veering round when the helm was a-lee.

After they had fixed the vessel, and it was broad day, they came and unbound our legs, and gave us leave to walk upon deck: whereupon I began to expostulate with them, particularly Warren, as he seemed to have a sort of command over the others. "And what," said I to him, "do you design to do with us, now you have our desire?" "Do with you? why, by and bye we design to put you into the boat, and turn you adrift; but, for that Hood, we'll murder him without mercy! A dog, to betray us! but as you have not so much injured us, we'll put you immediately into the boat, with a week's provision, and a small sail, and you shall seek your fortune, as I suppose you would have done by us." "No," answered I; "we only designed to confine you till we came to Jamaica, and there to have given you your liberty to go where you had thought fit: put us ashore at any land that belongs to the English, and we will think you have not done us an injury." "No," said he; "we must go to meet our captain and fifty men, upon the main land of Yucutan, where our vessel was stranded, not to be gotten off. Our first design, when we were taken in our boat, was to get us a vessel to go a-buccaneering, which we had done at Campeachy, if it had not been for the Indian that swam on shore, unknown to us, and brought succours too soon."

When they had got every thing ready, that is to say, a barrel of biscuit, another of water, about half a dozen pieces of beef, and as much pork, a small kettle, and a tinder-box, we were better provided than we expected, by much; besides, they granted us four cutlasses, and a fowling-piece, with about four pounds of powder, and a sufficient quantity of shot; together with all poor Mr Randal's journals, after their perusing them, and finding them of no use. When this was done, Warren ordered them to tie Hood to the mast of the vessel, and was charging a pistol to shoot him through the head, not considering it was charged before; for it was one of them I had at my girdle, and which they took from me; but in his eagerness and heat of passion he did not mind it. We all entreated for the poor fellow, and he himself fell upon his knees, and begged, with all the eloquence he had, to spare him, and let him go with us; but Warren swore bitterly nothing should save him: with that he cocked his pistol and levelled it at Hood, but firing, it split into several pieces, and one struck Warren, into the skull, so deep, that he was breathing his last upon deck. One of the bullets grazed upon the side of my temple, and did but just break the skin: as for Hood, he was not hurt; but with the fright, and noise of the pistol (as we supposed), laboured with such an agony of spirit, that he broke the cords that tied him by the arms, though as thick as a middle finger, and fell down, but rose immediately; and, not finding himself hurt, ran to us, and unbound our arms, unperceived by the other two, who were busy about the unfortunate Warren; and though they were called to, by them that steered (who ran immediately to prevent it), yet they did not mind it, they were so concerned about Warren. Before he that steered came, Hood had unbound me, and stopped the fellow (Meadows) by giving him a blow with his fist that knocked him down. In the meantime, I had unbound White, Musgrave, and Middleton, and we went and seized upon the other two pirates, as now we called them nothing else.

After we had bound them in our turn, we went to see what assistance could be given to Warren, when we found that a piece of the barrel of the pistol had sunk into his skull, and that he was just expiring; but yet he sat up with great resolution. "You have overpowered us," said he, "and I likewise see the hand of heaven in it. I was born of good honest parents, whose steps, if I had followed, would have made my conscience easy to me at this time; but I forsook all religion, and now, too late, I find that to dally with heaven is fooling one's self: but yet, in this one moment of my life that is left, I heartily repent of all my past crimes, and rely upon the Saviour of the world, that died for our sins, to pardon mine." With that he crossed himself and expired. I must confess I was very sorry for the unhappy accident of his death, but yet glad that we were at liberty, and felt something easy that the poor soul repented before his expiring.

After we had secured our Tartars, we threw Warren overboard, and bore to the wind; for after our first tacking about in the morning, when the bustle happened, they bore away with tack at cat-head, as being for their purpose. The three men that were left, desired us to let them have the boat, and go seek their companions, which we refused, not having hands enough to carry our vessel to Jamaica. But we promised them, if they would freely work in the voyage, they should have their entire liberty to go where they thought fit, without any complaints against them. Upon this, we began to be a little sociable, as before; and they all declared, that what they did was at the instigation of Warren.

The next day we discovered a ship to windward of us, that bore down upon us with crowded sails. We filled all the sails we had, and endeavoured to get away from her as fast as we could, but all to no purpose. We saw

they gained upon us every moment; and therefore seeing it was not possible for us to escape, we backed our sails, and laid by for them, that they might be more civil if they were enemies. As soon as ever they came up with us, they hailed us, and ordered us to come on board, which we durst not deny, when Mr Musgrave and I, with Hood and White, for rowers, went on board them. We found by Hood's knowing that they were his captain and comrades: now, as Hood said, we did not know how we should behave ourselves, or what we should say about Warren; but we only told the captain how we met with his men, and that they were redeemed upon my account. He never asked particularly for Warren, but how they all did; and when they sent on board, to search our vessel, they soon came to the truth, for the other three told them the story, though not with aggravated circumstances, upon which, poor Hood was tied to the main-mast, lashed with a cat-o'-nine-tails, most abominably, and, after that, pickled in brine, which was more pain than the whipping; but it kept his back from festering, which it might otherwise have done, because they flay the skin at every stroke, and then wash it with brine, which is called whipping and tickling. After this, they would not keep him among them, but sent for the other three men from our vessel, and ordered us all on board, with another of their men, who was ill of a dangerous fever, which they feared might prove infectious. They did not take any thing from us, as we expected at first; only gave us this sick man to look after, which we were very contented with; so we parted with them very well satisfied, but much better when we were out of sight, fearing they had forgotten themselves, and would send for us back, and take our provisions from us, or one mischief or another; for pirates do not often use to be so courteous.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF AN ELEPHANT.

The following curious account of an elephant is related in the amusing "Memoirs of John Shipp," late a lieutenant in the 57th regiment of foot:—

In the year 1804, when we were in pursuit of Hoolkah, there was in our encampment a very large elephant, used for the purpose of carrying tents for some of the European corps. It was the season in which they become most unmanageable, and his legs were consequently loaded with huge chains, and he was constantly watched by his keepers. By day he was pretty passive, save when he saw one of his species, when he roared and became violent, and during those moments of ungovernable phrenzy it was dangerous for his keepers to approach him, or to irritate his feelings by any epithets that might be repugnant to him. On the contrary, every endearing expression was used to soothe and appease him, which, with promises of sweetmeats, sometimes succeeded with the most turbulent to gain them to obedience, when coercive measures would have roused them to the most desperate acts of violence. By night, their extreme cunning told them that their keepers were not so watchful or vigilant. The elephant here alluded to, one dark night broke from his chains, and ran wild through the encampment, driving men, women, and children, camels, horses, cows, and indeed every thing that could move, before him, and roaring and trumpeting with his trunk, which is with elephants a sure sign of displeasure, and that their usual docility has deserted them. Of course no reasonable beings disputed the road he chose to take: those that did, soon found themselves floored. To record the mischief done by this infuriated animal, in his nocturnal ramble, would fill a greater space than I can afford for such matter. Suffice it to say, that, in its flight, followed by swordsmen and spearmen, shouting and screaming, he pulled down tents, upset every thing that impeded his progress, wounded and injured many, and ultimately killed his keeper by a blow from his trunk. He was speared in some twenty places, which only infuriated him the more, and he struck away with his trunk at every thing before him. His roaring was terrific, and he frequently struck the ground in indication of his rage. The instant he had struck his keeper, and found he did not rise, he suddenly stopped, seemed concerned, looked at him with the eye of pity, and stood rivetted to the spot. He paused for some seconds, then ran towards the place from whence he had broken loose, and went quietly to his picket, in front of which lay an infant about two years old, the daughter of the keeper whom he had killed. The elephant seized the child round the waist, as gently as its mother would, lifted it from the ground, and caressed and fondled it for some time, every beholder trembling for its safety, and expecting every moment it would share the fate of its unfortunate father; but the sagacious animal having turned the child round three times, quietly laid it down again, and drew some clothing over it that had fallen off. After this it stood over the child with its eyes fixed on it; and if I did not see the penitential tear start from its eye, I have never seen it in my life. He then submitted to be re-chained by some other keepers, stood motionless and dejected, and seemed sensible that he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more visible as he stood and gazed upon the fatherless babe, who, from constant familiarities with this elephant, seemed unintimidated, and played with its trunk. From this moment the animal became passive and quiet, and always seemed most delighted when the little orphan was within its sight. Often have I gone with others of the camp to see him fondling his little adopted; but there was a visible alteration in his health after his keeper's death, and he fell away and died at Cawnpore six months afterwards. People well acquainted with the history of the elephant, and who knew the story, said his death was caused by fretting for his before favourite keeper.

HEALTH.

The four ordinary secrets of health are, early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with the stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these, but they will be less with them; and nobody can be truly comfortable without them.—*Old Scrap-Book.*

TARRING AND FEATHERING.

This was a punishment frequently resorted to at the commencement of the war which produced the American revolution. It was also practised by the Bishop of Halberstadt, when, in the year 1623, he invaded the territories of the Elector Palatine, who, if I mistake not, was the unfortunate king of Bohemia, and son-in-law to James I., king of England. Having plundered and burnt two monasteries, the bishop gave particular directions to his soldiers to secure the persons of the nuns and friars unhurt as they rushed from the flaming edifices. Then ordering them to be stripped naked, their bodies were smeared with tar, after which each individual was tumbled into a feather-bed ripped open and prepared for the purpose. When the terrified inhabitants had been thus re-clothed, they were hunted out of the camp towards the interior parts of the country. Tarring and feathering is also mentioned in an ancient military code, said to be drawn up by Richard Cœur de Lion, previous to setting out on his expedition to the Holy Land. The reason given by the royal legislator for adopting so singular a mode of punishment (I believe for the crime of theft), is, that the offender being landed at the first place they touched after his conviction, and being thus marked, would be generally known and universally avoided.—*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*

MANUFACTURE OF SMALL BOXES, CASES, &c.

In the parish of Auchinleck, Ayrshire, box-making is a common employment. This species of work was originally confined to Laurencekirk. From thence it reached Cumnock, through the ingenuity of an individual connected with that parish, who, having been employed by a gentleman, who was visiting in the neighbourhood, to mend a Laurencekirk box, gained so much insight into the nature of the work, that from imitating, he soon began to rival its inventors. The nearness of Auchinleck to Cumnock accounts for its introduction into this parish. Those engaged in this business do not confine themselves to the manufacture of snuff-boxes; but cases for calling-cards and needles, and ornamental boxes of various descriptions, are occasionally made. The wood used is plane-tree. When the box is made, it is generally painted and varnished. Indeed, a great many coats of varnish are necessary to preserve the painting. Many of these paintings are transferred from prints, others are regularly done with the brush; but the most common device at present in vogue is an imitation of tartan, and other checks, which is done by a small machine. The quality of the Cumnock boxes, it is said, is fully equal to that of those made at Laurencekirk, though they are sold at a greatly inferior price. The number of individuals employed in this trade is sixty-four; the average wages earned by them are 13s. 6d. per week, and the quantity of boxes finished weekly is fifty-eight dozen. The greater part of these are sent to London.—*New Statistical Account of Scotland.*

LYCEUM AND CLUB DEBATES.

These institutions, if managed on right principles, are a source of intellectual and moral improvement. But there is a radical error in the principles on which they are too generally conducted, which lead to a contention for victory, rather than an inquiry for truth, so that there is more lost to the heart than there is gained to the head. I refer to the practice of taking up either side of a question, without regard to convictions of truth, or the admonitions of conscience. He who allows himself to engage in the support of what he knows to be untruth and unrighteousness, weakens his own conscience, and does violence to his own moral and religious nature. There are questions enough on which intellectual and honest men may, and do, conscientiously disagree, to furnish abundant materials to practise upon. But if it should be desirable at any time, and under any circumstances, to discuss any great moral or religious subject, concerning which honest minds cannot be found in the club or society who disagree, then, in the name of truth, morality, and religion, do not let honest minds commit themselves to the task of defending and propagating error. If Satan has no satellites among you, to do his work of destruction, let it go undone, and count nothing lost. There is a better way of improving the head, than to do it at the expense of the heart.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

We have just received a copy of the proposed bill for amending the existing law relative to copyright of literary and dramatic works, and will take an early opportunity of calling the attention of the literary world to the subject. In the meanwhile, from the glance we have taken of the bill, we think that it possesses some beneficial changes, but that some of the provisions are calculated to do the most serious injury to publishers as well as authors, and, generally speaking, to damage the interests of literature most materially. In fact, it seems a bill got up very much for the purpose of serving two or three private parties, at the expense of nearly the whole publishers in the country. If the publishers throughout the United Kingdom patiently submit to the passing of the bill in its present shape, it will be to us a matter of very great astonishment.

The notice of the Boomerang, in the Journal No. 310, stated that the instrument, to the best of the writer's knowledge, was unknown in England. A long and laborious letter in the Liverpool Mercury has since made known the important fact, that a specimen of the implement was laid before a scientific body in that town in the year 1834.

The second notice of the Respiration, in a late number, contained an error of real consequence, in as far as the wires forming the instrument were described as of brass. Last this mistake should give rise to impressions unfavourable to the healthiness of the instrument, we gladly mention that the internal wires are of copper gilded, and the outer wires near the mouth, of pure silver gilded, so that the air can contract no insalubrious quality of any kind in passing towards the lungs of the wearer.

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